

Iron County Register.

By ELI D. AICE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES.

When Johnny spends the day with us,
O' all the things a-happenin' in this o'
you never seen the beat.
"No sense goin' to stay?"
He brings the new lawn-mower up, an'
locks it in the shed;
An' hides his stop an' razor, 'tween the
covers of the bed.
He says: "Keep out the liberty, what-
ever else you do."
He'll have a settlement with you an'
house an' street.

Ma she begins by lockin' up the pantry
door an' cellar,
An' every place that's like as not to in-
terest a feller.
An' all her china ornaments, a-stickin'
'round the wall,
she sets as high as she kin reach, fer
fear they'll get a fall.
An' then she gives the arnkley, an' stick-
in-plaster out.
An' says: "When Johnny's visitin'
they're good to have about."
I tell you what, there's plenty fuss
When Johnny spends the day with us;

When Johnny spends the day with us,
Ia puts his books away.
An' says: "How long, in funder, is that
Johnny too?"
Says he: "It makes a lot of fuss
To have him spend the day with us!"

When Johnny spends the day with us,
the man across the street
An' says he'll have us 'rested 'cause his
Runs out an' swears like anything, an'
stamps with both his feet;
winder-glass is broke,
An' if he ever catches us it won't be any
joke!
He never knows who done it, 'cause
there's no one ever 'round.
An' Johnny, in particular, ain't likely to
be found.
I tell you what there's plenty fuss
When Johnny spends the day with us!

When Johnny spends the day with us,
the cat gets up and goes
A-scootin' 'cross a dozen lots to some
place she knows.
The next-door children climb the fence,
an' hang 'round fer hours,
An' bust the hinges of the gate, an'
trample down the flowers;
An' break the line with Bridget's wash,
an' nuddy up the cloze;
An' Bridget, when she gives warnin' then-
an' that's the way it goes—
A plenty noise an' plenty fuss,
When Johnny spends the day with us!
—Elizabeth Sylvester, in Century.

CUPID AND A PIG.

By Edward Boltwood.

WHILE the train was nearing Cosy-
cot station, Shepherd read Ly-
dia's note again.

"Dear Walter," it began, "of course
we should be glad to have you at Cosy-
cot during your vacation, and I suppose
Aunt Elizabeth can put you up. But you
will find us both completely
busy with a colony of Fresh-Air chil-
dren near by which aunt is taking
care of. It is a noble work, and Aunt
Elizabeth has interested me in it
very thoroughly; I can think of nothing
else, and have decided to devote
my whole life to laboring among the
children of the poor, if I am worthy
of such a career. I want to tell you
this before you make up your mind to
come, so that you will understand that
I won't be able to see much of you
and so that you may expect to find
me sobered by a serious purpose.
Yours most sincerely, Lydia Farrow."

Shepherd crumpled the paper vi-
ciously in his pocket. "Confound
Aunt Elizabeth," he grumbled. "So-
bered by a serious purpose! That's
the old maid's phrase—not Lydia's.
Result of reading novels about hospi-
tal nurses. The children of the poor
must be taken care of—but, hang it
all, so must Lydia."

A trap was waiting at the station
to convey him to Aunt Elizabeth's
cottage, and his hostess was waiting
at her piazza to greet him. Miss
Gibbs was an elderly lady whose fig-
ure and bearing looked as much out
of place in the country as would the
porch of the Fifth Avenue hotel.
No amount of gingham and flannel
could rusticize her.

"Dear Lydia left her apologies to
you, Mr. Shepherd," said Aunt Gibbs.
"She has been forced to absent her-
self upon an important duty connect-
ed with our children's mission. May
I beg you to amuse yourself until
she returns? Thank you—so kind of
you—my clerical work leaves me little
leisure in the afternoon, and later
on I have an outdoor class in botany."

Shepherd spent a quarter of an hour
in a vain attempt to read a maga-
zine, then he flung it down and start-
ed at random across the rolling and
sunshiny ground of the fields. A shad-
owed lane tempted him for a mile or
so, but when he saw the path running
ahead of him into the hot glare of a
highway he paused uncertainly.

"Hey, Mister Shepherd!" called a fa-
miliar voice from the fence, and a
familiar head and shoulders appeared
in the adjacent thicket. Voice, head
and shoulders belonged to Cuppy, the
newsboy who was accustomed to sell
him the morning paper at his office
door in New York.

"Hello, Cuppy," said Walter in great
surprise. "Are you up here with the
other kids?"

"You bet," assented Cuppy. "The
flat is a couple of blocks down the
street. Milk an' pie an' chicken—and
sheets fer ter sleep in. Dere's 20
of us. Ter-morrer we has attleristic
sports. I'm the empire."
"Miss Gibbs is very kind to do all
this for you."
Cuppy stopped short in his progress
out of the bushes.

"Say," he demanded, "this Miss
Gibbs—are you wid her?"
"No," replied Shepherd thoughtfully.
"I'm agin her."
"That's right," said the ragged ob-
ject of Aunt Elizabeth's bounty. "The
old lady's all right if she'd only leave
us be. What fer does she come round
cup? They elaborately discussed the
a-lecturin' and puttin' us on the
sneak? I'm on the sneak now, she
pays the rent fer us. But," he con-
cluded with a darkening eye, "she runs
a night school out o' doors by daylight
and I'm on the sneak. Miss Farrow,
she's the people."

"She is all of that," said Shepherd,
feeling strangely comforted; he wanted
to shake the boy's brown hand as
they strolled together down the high-
way. "She is all of that, for sure,"
he added.

"Sure, Miss Farrow's worked for the
gang of us till she's most down an'
out. She looks as pale as me mother
on a wash day. Does yer know what
she's doin' now? Gone up this road a
couple o' mile after a pig."

"After a what?"

"Ter git a pig—a greased pig fer the
attleristics. The farmer what runs
our joint made her chase away to
buy one off his brother, who needs
the money. I told her I'd go meself,
'cause she's so tired, but 'Naw,' she
says, 'Cuppy, you must stay fer the
bot-enny.' So she chases erlone, for
she says it's her dooty, she says."

Shepherd gave his leg a savage slap
with his walking stick.

"Hurry along, Cuppy," he exclaimed.
"Perhaps we may meet her. And this
is a fine job for Lydia Farrow."

He plowed through the dust dog-
gedly, while Cuppy took to the road-
side, dodging among the low bushes
and keeping a wary glance over his
shoulder for a possible pursuer. Pro-
ceeding in this skirmishing order they
reached a turn from which could be
seen a little bridge, spanning a peace-
ful brook, and on the bridge, a girl
with a green sun umbrella. She was
holding the umbrella over something
behind her, and she did not observe
the two pedestrians.

"Hey, Miss Farrow," yelled Cuppy.
"Miss Farrow turned and Shepherd
waved his hat."

"Hello, Lydia," said he. "What in
the world have you got there?"
"I have a pig here," answered the
young lady. "I am afraid the pig is
overcome by the heat. How do you
do, Walter?"

"There's a sight more chance that
you are overcome by the heat your-
self," retorted Shepherd wrathfully,
and in spite of her protesting gasp,
he seized the umbrella and shaded her
pretty head with it. This maneuver
gave him a chance to shake hands
with her, and left the pig exposed in
the glow.

"Say, he's a dead one," remarked
Cuppy.

The small animal lay apparently
moribund on the plank and emitted
a feeble wail when Shepherd
poked a toe gingerly against his some-
what emaciated flank.

"Dear me, Lydia, shall we do?"
said the girl. "Do you think it is going
to die? Auntie is so severe when I fail
in my duties."

"Good heavens, Lydia, do you mean
to say that a pig more or less—"

"But you don't understand, Walter—
I must, must show myself trust-
worthy in every detail. Aunt Eliza-
beth says so. She knows a girl who
couldn't stay at the Rivington Street
mission—that's where I want to go
because they couldn't rely on her to
do the milk can. Do you believe that
if we sprinkled water on the poor
thing—"

"Let's throw him in the brook,"
muttered Shepherd between his teeth.
He'd appreciate it, and so would I."

"No, no, no," cried Miss Farrow.
"Your handkerchief!"

Shepherd gave her one wild look
and vaulted over the low railing at
the side of the bridge. He caught his
hand in the stream, clambered up
over the bank and squeezed out the
water over the pig, who was reduced
by this demonstration to the last ex-
tremity of terror. He rolled about,
involving himself in the cord around
his neck; he squealed; dissolution
seemed imminent.

"I don't know much about pigs,"
said Shepherd, desperate because of
the genuine trouble in Lydia's big
eyes. "Do you, Cuppy?"

"Aw, I seen one in Jones' wood," an-
swered Cuppy. "I think this feller's fakin'. Stan'
up, Bill," ordered Cuppy, grabbing
the leading line. "Lemme take him
longer fer yer, Miss Farrow."

"I couldn't let you, Cuppy, really I
couldn't," protested Lydia. "Aunt
gave me this to do, and every failure
counts against me. Besides, you
ought to be in botany. Give me the
cord." She leaned rather wearily
against the railing and contemplated
the hot stretch of road. "But I am
tired and thirsty," she added.

"What's that place up on the
slope?" inquired Shepherd, pointing
to the right.

The place was where a rude bench
stood under some heavy overhanging
trees on the neighboring hillside.
The clear water of a spring spouted
generously out of a rock close by it,
plashing into a pool, and the dark
green of the foliage surrounding it
made the spot stand out on the knoll
like a bower.

"That's the—that's a—why, a
spring," faltered Lydia.

"The farmers call it the 'Lovers'
Well," explained Cuppy.

Miss Farrow looked slightly. She
could not help it; Shepherd was look-
ing straight at her.

"Lydia," said he with stern deter-
mination, "you and I are going to
walk up there and you shall rest
yourself. It is absolutely ridiculous
for you to think of promenading
through the sun with this beast. Cuppy
shall guard the pig. You'll
take care of that pig, won't you,
Cuppy?"

"Yep," agreed that eager youth.
"Come on, Bill."

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surprise. "Are you up here with the
other kids?"

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flat is a couple of blocks down the
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cluded with a darkening eye, "she runs
a night school out o' doors by daylight
and I'm on the sneak. Miss Farrow,
she's the people."

"The road in every particular. It led
them through thick woods where in
the half light they seemed to be quite
alone in the world. But on a ridge
which skirted a cleared hollow Shep-
herd was reminded to the contrary.

"Look," he whispered, grasping
Lydia's arm. This was no effort, be-
cause she was close beside him.

"It's the botany class," she an-
swered, and they both peered down
through the interlocking leaves.

Miss Gibbs, beneath an incongruous
sunbonnet, towered in the center of
a circle of averted and perspiring ur-
chins. A swamp lily, evidently the
subject of her discourse, nodded de-
fectively in her uplifted hand. The
botany class did not appear to be in-
terested.

"Let's run," said Shepherd.

"Wait," said Miss Farrow. "Don't
you hear something coming? Oh,
what is it? Oh, what in the world
is it?"

On the other side of the clearing
where the class was in session the
bushes were swaying and crackling
as if a miniature cyclone were career-
ing through them. Aunt Elizabeth's
scholars dispersed and dashed ex-
pectantly toward the disturber of
scholastic quiet; Miss Gibbs herself
remained rigid. Not, however, for
long.

"Sho, sho, sho!" cried Aunt Eliza-
beth, waving the lily at a maddened
pig, who came for her at a gallop as
fast as a gallop as pigs achieve
"Sho, sho."

"Hi!" screamed Cuppy.

"Hey!" howled the botany stu-
dents, and performed a war dance.

The pig flew between Aunt Eliza-
beth's feet and there fell prone, pant-
ing in extremis, and the lady sat in-
voluntarily at his side. She was
speechless when Shepherd assisted
her to rise. In the meantime Cuppy
and his cohorts had manacled the pig
ruthlessly.

"Lydia Farrow," gasped Miss Gibbs,
"what does this mean? Are you in-
sane? Are you trying to insult me?"

"Please, ma'am—" began Cuppy.

"Silence! Lydia, did you order this
outrage?"

"Stand by the boy, anyhow," mur-
mured Shepherd in Miss Farrow's ear.

"Aunt, it was all an accident, and
I'm to blame," exclaimed Lydia. "It
was not Cuppy's fault, really it
wasn't."

"I've endured your incompetence
long enough," answered Aunt Eliza-
beth, leading, somewhat stiffly, the
return march to the farm house. "I
do not see how I can recommend you
to dear Miss Stein."

"Who is dear Miss Stein?" asked
Shepherd.

"She's the head worker at Riving-
ton Street," said the aunt.

"Oh," said Shepherd. "Then it's
all very easy," and he smiled at Miss
Farrow cheerfully.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Miss Gibbs, that Lydia
and I—"

"Never mind now," put in the girl,
reddening. "Aunt Elizabeth, Walter
is anxious to give you lots of money
for the Fresh Air farm."

"That is good of him."

"Yes, Miss Gibbs, I think I am
bound to."

"Well, I don't see why, although we
shall be glad enough to have it,"
said Aunt Elizabeth, and she turned
to regard her charges, straggling
along behind and bearing the pig
aloft, like a sacrificial victim.

"Shall I tell you why I think I am
bound to?" proposed Shepherd. "You
see, Lydia and I—"

"I do wish you would wait," Lydia
interrupted. "Look at Cuppy. I
wonder where he got that name."

"It is a contraction for Cupid,"
said Shepherd, solemnly.

"Cupid!" sniffed Miss Gibbs. "Cu-
pid!"—N. Y. Independent.

TO LEARN A LADY'S AGE.

How the Delicate Subject May Be
Brought Without Giving
Offense.

Il Mondo Che Ride, an Italian jour-
nal, recently offered prizes for the
best three answers to the following
question:

"How can one, without giving any
offense, induce a lady to tell her age?"

PITH AND POINT.

When a man of 60 does an odd
thing, his loving relatives carefully
lay the memory of it aside, to use in
proving his insanity when his will is
flicked.—Atchison Globe.

It is a pity we cannot get all the
wicked men to vote the other ticket
just once so that we could figure out
the exact size of the majority we
need to convert.—Puck.

The river flows quietly along to-
ward the sea, yet it always gets
there. It might be well to remem-
ber this when you are trying to rush
things.—Chicago Daily News.

Missus—"Mary, you had a man in
the kitchen last evening. Was he a
relative of yours or a friend?" Maid
—"Neither, ma'am; he was only just
my husband's Boston Transcript.

An Extraneous Affair.—"Mollie,"
he said, "if I should die first, I want
you to see that I am cremated."

"Mercy on us, John! Coal may be
six dollars a ton then!"—Atlanta
Constitution.

Jack—"I've resolved to give up
drinking and betting and all that
sort of thing." Tom—"Oh, you'll
never keep that resolution." Jack—
"I'll bet you the drinks I do."—Glas-
gow Evening Times.

She—"Why does a ship have to
leave port?" He—"Well—er—you see,
the weight is constantly changing on
account of the binnacles that grow on
it in the water."—Philadelphia Press.

To Avoid a Strain.—"Feeling blue,
are you, Mr. Lightwate?" said Miss
Jimpicute, sympathetically. "You
ought to do something to occupy
your mind. I don't mean," she added
after a moment, "that you ought to
work very hard at anything."—Som-
erville Journal.

TEA DRINKING IN THE SOUTH.

The Quantity Consumed Has Greatly
Increased During the Last
Few Years.

"The increased consumption of tea
is one of the interesting phases of
modern commercial life in the south,"
said a drummer for a New Orleans
house, according to the Times-Demo-
crat, "and you would be surprised
at the vast change which has taken
place in this respect. The fact is that
during the past few years the changes
in the tea business have amounted to
a revolution. I have just returned
from a trip on the road, and I touched
some of the more remote places in
Texas and Mississippi, and while I
have been out before in the same ter-
ritory, I was surprised at the in-
creased number of tea drinkers."

"Up to a few years ago in the more
remote sections of the country tea
was used almost exclusively in the
sick room. Tea had to be bought in
the country from the druggist. The
man who dealt in general merchan-
dise rarely thought of selling tea, un-
less he had a medicine counter in his
store. Tea was something finicky,
something to be given to the con-
valescing patient, along with crackers,
tealess broth, and things of that
sort."

"This is not the case now. Tea is
bought in rather large quantities by
country merchants, and the country
folk use it for other than sick room
purposes. It is extensively used
throughout the country."

"There is a still more interesting
fact in connection with the growth
of the tea trade. Negroes are now
great tea consumers. You would be
surprised at the amount of tea con-
sumed by this element of the popu-
lation. Using tea is a new thing with
the negro element, but since they have
gotten into the tea drinking habit
they have vastly increased the con-
sumption of the product. Yes, they
have about quit using sassafras roots
for tea making purposes, and this
rather primitive drink is now used for
its medicinal properties. It has ex-
changed places with the other tea."

"These are some of the reasons for
the increased consumption of tea.
There are, of course, many other spe-
cial and general causes for the new
demand, and altogether the changes
form a rather interesting subject so
far as modern commerce is con-
cerned."

THE AMERICAN AN OCTOORON.

According to Statistics the Average
Adult Is About One-Eighth
Negro.

The average adult American is a
statistical octooron, says Everybody's
Magazine. If the blood in the veins of
all our people, white and black, were
poured out, then the mixture would
have about seven parts white
and one part negro blood. The white
strain in him, moreover, is by no means
purely American. White strains of
foreign origin, derived from Germany,
Ireland, Scandinavia, Canada, Great
Britain and the countries of southern
Europe, are collectively more power-
ful in his composition than is the
negro strain. Thus going back only one
generation, we find him to be a com-
posite, the creation of widely differ-
ing bloods and nationalities. The peo-
ples of the earth, from the Congo up
the equator to the North Cape of
Europe, have contributed, either im-
mediately or remotely, to his com-
position. But with it all we find the An-
glo-Saxon strain the dominant one.

His political institutions, his laws, his
social conditions, and his mental char-
acteristics, his power of initiative, and
his independence of thought and action
are Anglo-Saxon, sharpened and in-
tensified by fresh contact with nature
under new and untried conditions. It
is a strange and a gratifying thing to
witness, in connection with this mix-
ture of blood, the complete dominance
of the Anglo-Saxon strain, and it ar-
gues well for its strength and vitality,
as well as for the welfare of the coun-
try which he occupies and governs.

An Indifference Center.

Percy—I don't see how you keep so
blamed cheerful and contented.

Guy—Easy enough; I don't waste
time or vitality thinking about the
people who have more of this world's
favours than I have.—Detroit Free
Press.

Turkey a Gypsy Land.

Of the 712,000 gypsies in Europe, 200,000
are in Turkey and 197,000 in Aus-
tria. Great Britain has only 18,000, and
Scandinavia, 7,000.—N. Y. World.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Great Britain's wealth increased
about £450,000 a day—that is, 3d a
head a day.

This year's harvest in the south of
Ireland is stated to be the best ex-
perienced for a quarter of a century.

There was a boom in the Congo
Free State in 1900. The exports
amounted to \$16,750,000 and the im-
ports to \$6,400,000. The export of
india rubber was almost double that
of 1899.

Most of the people in Picton and
Antigonish, in Nova Scotia, and a
great part of the neighboring coun-
ties, are descendants of the Scotch
Highlanders who settled there about
a century ago.

Automobiles have become very
scarce in the city proper of London
in consequence of the application of
an old ordinance forbidding self-pro-
pelled vehicles from going faster
than three miles an hour.

The metric system is to-day com-
pulsory in 20 countries, representing
more than 300,000,000 inhabitants—
Germany, Austria-Hungary, Belgium,
Spain, France, Greece, Italy, Nether-
lands, Portugal, Roumania, Serbia,
Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Ar-
gentine Republic, Brazil, Chili, Mex-
ico, Peru and Venezuela.

A shifter employed by the Lambton
collieries was charged with a breach
of the colliery rules, which prohibits
the taking of a tobacco pipe into the
mine. It was admitted that defend-
ant had a partly smoked cigarette in
his pocket, and on behalf of the
prosecution it was contended that a
paper charged with tobacco was a
pipe within the meaning of the rule.

The magistrates upheld this view,
and fined defendant 20 shillings and
costs.

THREE DOG STORIES.

Affection for Their Masters of a New-
foundland, a Terrier and a
Bulldog.

"The most pathetic thing about the
thoroughbred dog," said the man
who has been spent about the kennels,
"is his devotion to the mem-
ory of a kind master who is dead.
There was a friend of mine who owned
a Newfoundland, and Dash, as they
called him, was never contented when
away from his master. Not long ago
the master was taken ill. He had to be
moved to a hospital and Dash was left
at home. The dog refused to eat."

"About 11 o'clock one night he be-
gan to howl. His cries alarmed the
members of the family, who were
greatly concerned about the condition
of the patient in the hospital. While
his cries continued the telephone bell
rang and the message of death came
over the wires."

"Dash was sent away until after the
funeral. After his return a portrait
of his dead master disappeared from
the house. Search showed that the dog
had carried it into a recess under the
house. It was rescued from him with
difficulty and screwed to an easel in
the library. A rug was put down in
front of it for Dash. He lay there with
an expression of unutterable woe on
his face. He wouldn't eat. For a week
he kept his vigil. Once or twice he
looked up a little water, and tasted
dainty food, but he grew weaker day
by day. One morning, ten days later,
the library door was opened and there
was the faithful Dash dead on his rug."

"Instances are common in which
dogs have remained by the body of a
master, refusing to leave. It seems
cruel to think of killing an animal of
this kind to get him out of the way,
and yet it has been found necessary in
many cases. A very remarkable case
of this kind happened a few years ago
within my knowledge. There was a
little fox terrier, a trim little animal
with a wag of his stumpy tail for
everyone, and he was the pet of a
young boy who had reared him from
puppyhood. When the little fellow
was taken ill the dog would creep into
the room, without the least noise, and
would lift himself on the bed to lick
his master's hand. It was really
touching. After a time the boy became
dangerously ill. The dog had to be
excluded from the room, but he sat
by the door, never leaving it, with an
expression of abject sorrow on his lit-
tle face."

"The boy died. The dog knew it ju-
st as well as if he had been human, as
they took him away until after the
funeral. In some way, however, he es-
caped and returned home just as the
body was being placed in the hearse.
He followed it to the cemetery. At
the grave he sat on his haunches, his
head cast down, and now and then
his cries, always low and painful,
caused big tears to fall from the eyes
of those who were watching the last
rites. He moved up closer when the
grave was being filled, and when the
mound was being smoothed off and the
hearse moved away the dog lay down
and laid himself down at the head. A
member of the family tried to pick him
up, but he snarled threateningly and
he left the little cemetery, and the
terrier stayed there to guard the
last resting place of his master."

"The family believed the dog would
return home that night, but he was
not in his box the next morning. By
noon he had not returned and a servant
was sent to the cemetery. Just as he
got to the path leading down to the
grave the servant heard a wild scream
of pain and terror from the terrier,
and before he could hasten to see the
cause Mack had been killed. The blow
which ended his faithful life was
struck by a woman who had been in
the room and was lying under the
table when a difficulty arose between
Johnson, his master, and an Italian.

The Italian fired at Johnson once and
was about to fire again, when Blink
jumped and caught the man's wrist in
a vice-like grip. The Italian dropped
the gun. Like a flash Blink released
himself and rushed into a bedroom
one night and was lying under the
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was about to fire again, when Blink
jumped and caught the man's wrist in
a vice-like grip. The Italian dropped
the gun. Like a flash Blink released
himself and rushed into a bedroom
one night and was lying under the
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